

Barbarous Bloody Murther ;

Committed on the

Body of one Mr. Cymball,

At his own House, in *Old Sobo* ; On the 31st. of *January*, 1694.
by a Person, who under pretence of coming to pay him a
Visit, and after having been very well Treated, Surprizingly
gave him divers Mortal Wounds; in the presence of his
Wife and Sisters, (of which he immediately Dyed,) and
then made his Escape: The whole Proceeding on this
Bloody Act, being very Cruel and Inhumane; As will ap-
pear in the Relation of it.

1. Febr. 1694 $\frac{4}{5}$ Licentied according to Order.

SUCH Is the wicked Inclinations, and Depravity of some Men's
Nature, that the Bloody mindedness of divers Persons in their Mis-
chiefs, and Tragical dealings, even Startle Understanding Men in their
Thoughts, and Consideration of a Reposing a Trust, as not being able
to look into the Intentions of such as Guild over a plausible Friendship,
with Flattering Protestations; whilst Fraud, or the Rankest of Malice,
like a Poisonous Serpent Lurks under their feigned Smiles. Such was
the Misfortune of this Gentleman; who instead of Entertaining a Friend,
surprizingly met with a Death, he little suspected from such a Hand.

This Gentleman (of whose Name we are yet Ignorant) on the 31st.
of *January*, coming to Visit Mr. Cymball, at his House in *Old Sobo*; and
being known to him, he was welcomed, with all becoming Civility; Ac-
commodated with Wine and other Treatments, so that in a kind of a
Merryment some Hours passed till it grew very Late. The Concern of
their Meeting seems to be about Business, as appears by a Writing, said
to be Signed by the Deceased; and the Common Discourse is, That it
was a Will, but as to that particular we determine not, without better
Information.

But to come nearer, and open the Tragical Scene; whether about
Affairs of Business, some Heats might arise that might carry the Edg of
Fatal Mischief in them; or otherwise is not greatly Material to our En-
quiry, so we leave it to a more Judicial Scrutiny, and proceed to Mat-
ter of Fact.

After

After the Watch had passed by the Door of this Gentleman, and were not very far distant from it; some People that were Neighbours heard a Confused Voice, supposed to be that of the Murder'd Party, and the Women present Crying, *Murder, Murder*, and Imploring Help.

The Watch upon this were Alarm'd, but before they could come up, or Enter the House, Mr. *Cymbal*, too Fatal Guest was Flea'd; and left him Gasping his Last: His Life hastily passing away, through many Mortal Wounds; which nothing but a Cruel, or Inrag'd Hand could have so often Repeated; when a far less Number in all probability would have sent him to his Grave, and there needed not so many Gaps to let in Death. Therefore to Enumerate them shows the Inhumanity of the Inflictor of them.

Weltering in his Blood, they could not be particularly distinguished; but the Body being Cleansed from it, and Exposed to View, His Right Shoulder was found to have a Wound, that seemed to be torn with the Sword, as if a piece of Flesh was Cut out. Two Wounds were made in his Breast, one on his Right Side; his Left Arm pierced almost through: Another Wound he had on the Left Side his Left Hand, Run through his Right Hand; supposed in Defending his Body, or Extended to Implore Mercy from his pretended Friend, but now Merciless Enemy was Cut between the Finger and Thumb, and otherways very much mangled; his Chin received a part of Dire Execution, and amidst these many Wounds he Breathed his Last; and was Exposed as a Miserable Spectacle of Cruel usage, the following Day to the pitying Spectators; whose Tears at such an Object of Compassion could hardly be Restrained.

Upon this, those that were present. *Viz.* The Women (the Party who is held Actually to do it, being Escaped, as far as we can hitherto have any Account of him) are secured in order to their further Examination before the *Coroners* Inquest; or what other Matters may be Objected to them in this Matter: Nor is it doubted but the Grand Aggressor, may in a little time be brought to Answer for so Monsterous a Crime of Late, without Parrallel or Precedent.

Some say, he has sent by an unknown Hand, a Letter to the New Widow, to Condole the Loss of Her Husband, and Express his Sorrow; but whether so or no, so Great a Guilt deserves Floods of unfeigned Tears, to Attone Heaven's Impendent Vengeance.

F I N I S.

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